

# The Saturday Evening Post.

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creby Given,  
of the County of Chester,  
in the State of New Jersey,  
do hereby certify, that the  
within and to be there,  
for the use of the said  
requester, to be made  
in the County of Chester,  
in the State of New Jersey,  
at the City of Philadelphia,  
on the 20th day of December,  
1823.

Delaware County,  
of the County of Chester,  
in the State of New Jersey,  
do hereby certify, that the  
within and to be there,  
for the use of the said  
requester, to be made  
in the County of Chester,  
in the State of New Jersey,  
at the City of Philadelphia,  
on the 20th day of December,  
1823.

BOOKS.  
The following are for sale  
at the Office of the Editor,  
No. 53 Market Street, North  
Side, four doors below Second  
Street, at the City of Philadelphia,  
on the 20th day of December,  
1823.

LES B. REES,  
of the County of Chester,  
in the State of New Jersey,  
do hereby certify, that the  
within and to be there,  
for the use of the said  
requester, to be made  
in the County of Chester,  
in the State of New Jersey,  
at the City of Philadelphia,  
on the 20th day of December,  
1823.

SALE.  
The following are for sale  
at the Office of the Editor,  
No. 53 Market Street, North  
Side, four doors below Second  
Street, at the City of Philadelphia,  
on the 20th day of December,  
1823.

and the Use of  
the following are for sale  
at the Office of the Editor,  
No. 53 Market Street, North  
Side, four doors below Second  
Street, at the City of Philadelphia,  
on the 20th day of December,  
1823.

Articles are sold to  
HOUSE, for the use of  
the following are for sale  
at the Office of the Editor,  
No. 53 Market Street, North  
Side, four doors below Second  
Street, at the City of Philadelphia,  
on the 20th day of December,  
1823.

Reduced Price  
The following are for sale  
at the Office of the Editor,  
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Side, four doors below Second  
Street, at the City of Philadelphia,  
on the 20th day of December,  
1823.

OLLINS,  
The following are for sale  
at the Office of the Editor,  
No. 53 Market Street, North  
Side, four doors below Second  
Street, at the City of Philadelphia,  
on the 20th day of December,  
1823.

Storekeepers  
The following are for sale  
at the Office of the Editor,  
No. 53 Market Street, North  
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Street, at the City of Philadelphia,  
on the 20th day of December,  
1823.

Oyster-House  
The following are for sale  
at the Office of the Editor,  
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Side, four doors below Second  
Street, at the City of Philadelphia,  
on the 20th day of December,  
1823.

ough Drops,  
The following are for sale  
at the Office of the Editor,  
No. 53 Market Street, North  
Side, four doors below Second  
Street, at the City of Philadelphia,  
on the 20th day of December,  
1823.

JOHN W. TERRY,  
The following are for sale  
at the Office of the Editor,  
No. 53 Market Street, North  
Side, four doors below Second  
Street, at the City of Philadelphia,  
on the 20th day of December,  
1823.

REFLECTIONS  
The following are for sale  
at the Office of the Editor,  
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Side, four doors below Second  
Street, at the City of Philadelphia,  
on the 20th day of December,  
1823.

ALF.  
The following are for sale  
at the Office of the Editor,  
No. 53 Market Street, North  
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Street, at the City of Philadelphia,  
on the 20th day of December,  
1823.

machinery,  
The following are for sale  
at the Office of the Editor,  
No. 53 Market Street, North  
Side, four doors below Second  
Street, at the City of Philadelphia,  
on the 20th day of December,  
1823.

Wollen Dress  
The following are for sale  
at the Office of the Editor,  
No. 53 Market Street, North  
Side, four doors below Second  
Street, at the City of Philadelphia,  
on the 20th day of December,  
1823.



I could the solemn requiem sing,  
And touch with joy the trembling string,  
Which should eternal transports bring,  
To me on high.

My minstrel now shall breathe the air,  
And my departing hour declare,  
And tell what heavenly raptures there,  
When blest I die.

## THE MORALIST.

### EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

It is delightful to fling a glance back to our early years, and recall our boyish actions, glittering with the light of hope and the sanguine expectations of incipient being. But the remembrance of our sensations when we were full of elasticity, when life was new and every sense and relish keen, when the eye saw nothing but a world of beauty and glory around, every object glittering in golden radiance—is the most agreeable thing of all.—The recollection of boyish actions gives small gratification to persons of mature years, except for what may, perchance, be associated with them.—But youthful sensations experienced when the age of enjoyment was most keen, and the senses exquisitely susceptible, furnish delightful recollections, that cling around some of us in the last stage of life like the principle of being itself. How do we recollect the exquisite taste of a particular fruit or dish to have been then—how delicious a cool draught from the running stream! A landscape, a particular tree, a field, how much better defined and delightfully coloured then than they ever appeared afterwards. Objects, too, were then of greater magnitude and consequence to us. We examined every thing more narrowly and in detail. As we advanced farther in life, we regarded them more in collective numbers. Single objects which afforded us pleasure, had the power of attaching the heart not possessed by a multiplicity. To the youth a little comparative space is a universe. The parental house is an edifice of magnitude, however small its superficies may be in reality; the garden is vast, and the meadow seems of unbounded extent; a mile is the measure of an immense distance, and the blue hills at the boundary of the horizon appear the limits of a world. Having had no opportunity of making a comparison with objects really extended, the present visible is his universe, and his perceptions, readily including even the minutest that he sees, impress them clearly on the memory. When the world becomes known, it is looked at in larger portions, and cannot be grasped in detail. We only see and retain masses, and consequently a less vivid but more general picture of things, and we rarely again feel that interest in insignificant objects which we felt in boyhood, unless they are connected with some contingent circumstance that gives them importance. It is not the common regret we feel in retrospection, that alone attaches us so strongly to the scenes and sensations of youth; there is the superior attachment we naturally have for individuality—we cannot love a multitude as we love one, and our affection is divided and confused on mingling in the great world. There was a single tree opposite the door of my father's house: I remember even now how every limb branched off, and that I thought no tree could be finer or larger. I loved its shade—I played under it for years; but when I visited it after my first absence for a few months from home, though I recognized it with intense interest, it appeared lessened in size; it was an object I loved, but as a tree it no longer attracted wonder at its dimensions; during my absence I had travelled in a forest of much larger trees, and the pleasure and well-defined image in my mind's eye, which I owed to the singleness of this object, I never again experienced in observing another.

Can I ever forget the sunny side of the wood, where I used to linger away my holidays among the falling leaves of the trees in autumn! I can recall the very smell of the sea fog for recollection, and the sound of the dashing water is even now in my ear. The rustling of the boughs, the sparkling of the stream, the gnarled trunks of the old oaks around, long since levelled by age, left impressions only to be obliterated by death.—The pleasure I then felt was undefinable, but I was satisfied to enjoy without caring whence my enjoyment arose. The old church-yard and its yew-trees, where I sacrilegiously enjoyed my pastime among the dead, and the ivied tower, the belfry of which I frequently ascended, and wondered at the skill which could form such ponderous masses as the bells, and lift them so high.—These were objects that, on Sundays particularly, often filled my mind, upon viewing them, with a sensation that cannot be put into language. It was not joy, but a soothing tranquil delight, that made me forget for an instant I had any desire in the world unsatisfied. I have often thought since, that this state of mind must have approached pretty closely to happiness. As we passed the church-way path to the old Gothic porch on Sundays, I used to spell the inscriptions on the tombs, and wonder at the length of a life that exceeded sixty or seventy years; for days then passed slower than weeks pass now. I visited, the other day, the school-room where I had been once the drudge of a system of learning, the end of which I could not understand, and where, as was then the fashion, every method taken seemed intended to disgust the scholar with those studies he should be taught to love. I saw my name cut in the desk; I looked again on my old seat; but my youthful recollections of the slavery I there endured, made me regard what I saw with a feeling of peculiar distaste. It was not thus with the places I visited during the short space of cessation from task and toil that the week allowed. The meadow, where in true joviality of heart I had leaped, and raced, and played—this recalled the contentedness of mind, and the overflowing tide of delight I once experienced, when, climbing the stile which led into it, I left behind me the book and the task. How

the sunshine of the youthful breast burst forth upon me, and the gushing spirit of unreigned and innocent exhilaration braced every fibre, and rushed through every vein. The sun has never shone so brilliantly since. How fragrant were the flowers, how deep the azure of the sky! How vivid were the hues of nature! How intense the short-lived sensations of pain and pleasure! How generous were all impulses! How confiding, open, and upright all actions! "Inhumanity to the distressed, and insolence to the fallen," those besetting sins of manhood, how utterly strangers to the heart! How little of sordid interests, and how much of intrepid honesty, was then displayed! These sensations experienced in youth, and recalled in after-life, if deemed the fruit of experience, and inimical to the perfidious courtesies of society, should at least make us concede that we have exhausted some part of our stock of virtue and principle since—that we have been losers in some points by the lapse of time, if we have been gainers in others, more in harmony with conventional interests and views, and, we may add, with conventional vices.

### FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

#### TOM WILSON.

My friend Tom Wilson was a droll fellow. He was very fond of quizzing people. No one in the village had escaped his satire. In fact he was a privileged character. Every thing Tom said was laughed at, and few thought of being angry with him for his jokes, although they were at their expense. I called to see him one evening. "Come," said he, "let us stroll about the village and quiz the inhabitants." It was the month of June, and the folks generally were seated at their doors, enjoying the coolness of the evening breeze. The first one he spoke to was a female named Mary, who had kept a little fruit store in the village from time immemorial. "Ah my old lady," said Tom, "and how have you been since I last saw you?" "Old! old!" said Mary, "pray who do you call old?" "Who, why Mary Jones the apple woman, who has more wrinkles in her forehead than brains in her noddle." Tom had taken a seat by her side. I could see by her kindling eye that she was becoming angry. "You impudent fellow," she said, "I won't let here no longer to be abused by you." Oh, he replied, if you are setting you may set till you have hatched, 'twill be cruel to disturb you." "Never meddle with an old hen when she's hatching," is an ancient proverb, and one that I shall carefully observe. "I say," replied Mary in a rage, "you are an impudent fellow, and I won't stay here no longer." Tom scanned her from head to toe, and laughing said, "My good Mary you are but five feet high, and need not say you would stay here no longer, as I am well aware of that." This was another insult, for poor Mary hated to be told of her shortness. She burst into tears and said, "Tom Wilson, I have trusted you for ever since you were dry and had no money; I have mended your stockings without charging nothing, when, as you told me, they were holier than the parson's, and this is the way you insult me!" Tom was moved, for like most of the gay and giddy, he possessed a tender heart. He slipped some silver into the old woman's hand, and told her she must forgive him, and not mind his fun. She wiped her eyes with a corner of her apron, and with a smile, which was like a ray of the sun, darting through a watery cloud, said "Tom you are a gentleman." From the old woman we went to see the village barber—He was a Frenchman and would have been as merry as France's gayest sons, but for one circumstance. Poor Soap was married, and married to a shrew. Standing or sitting, working or idle, she was ever scolding him; and the poor fellow looked but to her death, or to his own (he cared little which) for relief from his misery. Tom often rallied him on the fascinating qualities of his spouse. He accosted him with "Ah Soap, my dear fellow, how do you do, and how is your amiable consort, is her tongue as long as ever, and are her lungs as strong as formerly?" "Hush, hush, for God's sake, Monsieur Wisson," said Soap, in alarm, "she is in den ex room, and bawls if she hear you, (and she has ears like de diable) she will ring such a concert, as will make de you hate musick forever: begar de wirwin is no you thing to her voice, and de sharpest razor dull compared to her tongue." But the mischief was done, she overheard what had been said, burst into the room, and let fly such a torrent of abuse as made us nearly deaf. We retreated in haste, partly in mirth, and partly in sorrow at the scene we had witnessed. We called on several others and Tom had something to say to all: a joke for this, and a sly laugh at that one. Returning home, he unfolded to me a plan which he said he had for some time contemplated carrying into execution. "You know," said he, "old Sordid the usurer; he came to this village when quite a young man, and was employed by a storekeeper to assist him in his business. When his employer died, (which was a few years after he went to him) he took his store, and by his cleverness in dealing, and miserly habits, acquired a sum which was far from being considered a trifle at that period. This was nearly forty years ago. Since that time his money has grown, by lending it at extravagant rates of interest, to an enormous sum. Never did pity inhabit his bosom, or sorrow for the unfortunate find an entrance to his heart. He appears as if he had no friend, no relation on earth. I have accidentally discovered that he is the slave of superstition. To him, when the sun has withdrawn his rays, every shadow seems a ghast, and every one he meets, some evil spirit. A disagreeable dream will make him unhappy for a long period. I mean to take advantage of his credulity and frighten him into an act of virtue and benevolence. Come with me and I will show you in what manner." We proceeded to the miser's house, which was a mean low building, and seemed like the abode of poverty and distress. Tom knocked at the door; no answer was returned; he knocked a second time, all was still. The wretch shall answer me, said Tom, or I will shake his house down. He knocked again and made a tremendous noise. "Who disturbs a peaceable man at this hour," said a voice within. "Those whom you cannot refuse to admit," replied Tom, "so open the door, we are your fellow-townsmen, and you need fear no danger from us. I have that to tell you that you will not hear with indifference. My name is Tom Wilson, my companion is my friend F., whom you certainly must know. The old man slowly unbolted the door, and admitted us. Terror was imprinted on his countenance, and a feeling of painful curiosity seemed to chain his soul. Tom approached him and whispered something in his ear. The miser's face assumed an ashy hue. He retreated to the wall, and heaved a heavy groan. Tom seemed to enjoy the scene, and after a pause said "What I have to request is this, that you go into — street, to morrow night exactly at ten o'clock, where you will see a family in the utmost distress, famishing with hunger, and miserable in the extreme; relieve their wants, and be not sparing of your assistance, for remember that neither heaven nor hell is to be trifled with. The miser said not a word but al-

most sunk to the ground with awe and astonishment. We left the house, and I was scarcely less astonished at the scene I had witnessed, than the old man. "Tom," said I, "what is the origin and what will be the end of this caper." He laughed at my gravity, and replied as follows—"I started about two months since to see Kate, the fortune-teller, who lives at the upper end of the village. When I drew nigh to her window, I saw this old wretch, apparently asking questions of her with great earnestness. Ever fond of a joke, and thinking this might furnish one, I climbed into the house by the back way and from an adjoining room overheard their conversation. "Repeat your dream," said the old woman "and if in my power I will unravel it." "I dream'd," said the miser, that some person would in a short time come to me and request me to perform some action; that if I complied not with his request, my wealth would depart from me, and ere many days passed I should die, and that eternal torments in the next world should be my portion. I dream'd that I should know the person by his saying, "Neither heaven nor hell is to be trifled with." The old woman with all the self-importance of fortune-telling wisdom, told him it was a very strange dream, and that her cards could afford no clue to it, but advised him if any person called and requested him to perform any action, to obey such request scrupulously, and without delay, for that she knew too much of such dreams not to be aware, that to pay no attention to their meanings, was to defy hell, and disregard heaven. He then left her presence; I retreated from my hiding place, and returned home, ruminating on the scene I had witnessed. I perceived there was a good opportunity to quiz the old fellow. For such an one I had often wished. I determined to avail myself of it and to make it subservient to some useful purpose. You now know the cause of his terror. When I whispered in his ear, I repeated the ominous words which he so much dreaded. "But," said I, "how can you continue your joke? when he goes to morrow evening to the place you have designated, he will see no one there." "I have taken care of that," said Tom. A poor man came to me yesterday and told an heart rending tale of distress. He was emigrating to the western country from the New England states, and when within a few miles of our village was taken sick. A wife and four helpless children were with him. They stopped at a tavern, and he was so long confined by his illness, that when he recovered, their little finances were expended. The inhuman landlord finding this was their situation, turned them out of his house, and they had tasted no food for upwards of thirty hours, when I accidentally met them. I relieved their immediate wants, and would have furnished them with funds sufficient to prosecute their journey, but my purse is not large enough to do all that my heart would dictate. I told this man to be at — street, at the hour I requested Sordid to meet him, and to solicit of the old miser as much money as would take him to the end of his journey. I represented Sordid as being a charitable old man, who was fond of performing benevolent actions in an eccentric manner; and told him that if he took his wife and children there, it would make a greater impression. He promised to do as I advised, and no doubt will perform his promise. Call on me to-morrow evening and we will watch the result—Good night." We parted and I retired to rest, thinking what a strange mixture of mischievousness and goodness, was my friend. The next evening I waited on him, and about ten o'clock we repaired to the scene of action. The poor man and his family were already there. We took refuge in an adjoining alley, from whence we could see all that might occur. A few minutes afterwards the miser appeared, and without saying a word to the traveller, placed a bag in his hands and went away. This bag, as we learned the next day, contained two hundred dollars. The ensuing morning the traveller called with his family, on Tom. I was present. He thanked my friend for his kindness, and bade his little children kneel to their benefactor, who had prevented them from starvation and ruin. It was an affecting scene, tears of gratitude stood in his wife's eye. "Pshaw," said Tom, what a fuss you make. I only served you to gratify myself, for he who assists a brother in distress, is thereby made happier than the brother whom he relieves."

#### "I'LL LEAVE MY CARD."

The present man, with much propriety, be styled the age of heartlessness. Empty ceremony and heartless formality have usurped the place of friendly attentions and social intercourse. Modern politeness is exactly opposed to sincerity. There seems to be a tacit understanding between man and man, woman and woman, to deceive and be deceived; and he who plays off these counterfeit tricks the most adroitly, is the most polished and polite.

Walking the other day with a friend, or with one who makes friendly pretensions—"If you will excuse me a moment," said he, "I will call on Mr. Clericus; he is out of town, I believe; I shall overtake you with a few steps." So saying he took from his pocket a card-case—knocked at the door—made the accustomed inquiry, and handed his card to the servant. "Cancelled at a lucky moment," said he, when he had overtaken me—"I always observe great punctuality in returning the civilities of my friends." "But why," I inquired, "did you call on Mr. C. when you knew he was not at home?" "Oh!" exclaimed he, "it answers every purpose of a visit, and is far less trouble: he is vastly tedious; but was in debt to him on the score of civility."—"This paper currency, I find, is in general circulation; the sterling coin of real friendship has become scarce; now and then we meet with a few antiquated pieces, but they are pretty much out of date." "Mama," said the Misses Stylishes, "we shall go out this morning, and make calls; the day is fine, and ladies will generally be out; the Misses Oldfades are on a journey to the White Hills; Miss Mantrim returns soon from Newburyport, and Miss Trimarket is staying in Boston." "You can leave my card," said the mother, with matronly honesty, "at Mr. Homebread's and Mrs. Starchcap's, if they happen not to be at home, the servant will not notice the mistake."

Now I am strongly opposed to all this from moral considerations. The young are instructed in dissimulation and insincerity; servants are taught to reconnoitre at the porch window and prevaricate. The human character is sufficiently bad, it needs much amendment. Let the circle of one's friends be small if he chooses; but let it be hearty and genuine with those who profess to be united in the silken bands of friendship. All this cold ceremony is downright mockery of all that is open, fair and honourable—it is disgraceful in the human character—mere stuff—empty chaff—lighter than the paper that is made the vehicle of their deceit, without its purity.

The widow Tripit flitted by my window—a sprightly knock summoned the servant to the door—"I am not at home this morning, Susan." "I am honest and consistent, you see. I will not spare my wife, although I expect a certain lecture if she detects my scribbling—The servant entered with a card—"I thought, my dear, you were not on the most intimate terms with the widow T. since the disclosure of Maria Blab?" "We are not, my dear, (said she) but we leave our cards,"

handing me the one just received. "By my ledger," said I, "it blushes." "You are satirical, my dear, it is rose paper." "Very appropriate paper," said I, "it ought to be in more general use. [sketching up Doctor Chargewell's bill, which I had just paid] with professional men, as well as professional women."

This card-leaving custom, conferred to its legitimate use, to obviate the carelessness, or forgetfulness of servants, is certainly very proper and convenient; but when made the instrument of idle ceremony and deceitful professions, it is certainly reprehensible, and may be classed with the follies and crimes of the age.

### DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

Oh! what is so refreshing, so soothing, so satisfying, as the placid joys of home?

See the traveller—does duty call him for a season to leave his beloved circle? The image of his earthly happiness continues vividly in his remembrance, it quickens him to diligence; it makes him hail the hour which sees his purpose accomplished, and his face turned towards home; it communes with him as he journeys, and he bears the promise which causes him to hope, "Thou shalt know also that the tabernacle shall be in peace, and thou shalt visit thy tabernacle and not sin."—O the joyful re-union of a divided family—the pleasures of renewed interview and conversation after days of absence.

Behold the man of science—He drops the labour and painfulness of research—closes his volume—smooths his wrinkled brows—leaves his study—and unbending himself stoops to the capacities, yields to the wishes, and mingles with the diversions of his children.

He will not blush that has a father's heart, To take in childish play a childish part; But bends his sturdy neck to play the toy That youth takes pleasure in, to please his boy."

Take the man of trade—What reconciles him to the toil of business? What enables him to endure the fastidiousness and impertinence of customers? What rewards him for so many hours of tedious confinement? By-and-by the season of intercourse will arrive; he will behold the desire of his eyes and the children of his love for whom he resigns his ease; and in their welfare and smiles he will find his recompense.

Yonder comes the labourer—He has borne the burden and heat of the day; the descending sun has released him from his toil; and he is hastening home to enjoy repose. Half way down the lane, by the side of which stands his cottage, his children run to meet him. The companion of his humble life is ready to furnish him with his plain repast. See, his toil-worn countenance assumes an air of cheerfulness; his hardships are forgotten; fatigue vanished, he eats and is satisfied.—The evening fair, he walks with uncovered head around his garden—enters again and retires to rest; and "the rest of a labouring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much." Inhabitant of this lowly dwelling! who can be indifferent to thy comfort? Peace be to this house!

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil, Their homely joys and destiny obscure; Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile, The short and simple annals of the poor."

There is no period of the year so calculated to awaken those feelings which the Poet has denominated "mournful but pleasing," as the present.—The beautiful hues which diversify the woodland scenery, when the forest trees rise "shade above shade, a woody theatre," mixed with the sombre, but constant green of the Pine, and contrasted by the brown soil which has succeeded those mingled sensations which delight in the present view, but which carry our ideas to the desolation which Winter brings. Even now the path strewn with fallen leaves, and the muttering of gathering storms, press upon the feelings, and we cannot but connect it with ideas, "thus flourishes, thus fades, majestic man."

### UGLINESS.

Perhaps no lady was ever better reconciled to positive ugliness in her own person than the Duchess of Orleans, the mother of the Regent d'Orleans, who governed France during the minority of Louis XV.

Thus she speaks of her own appearance and manners:—"From my earliest years I was aware how ordinary my appearance was, and did not like that people should look at me attentively. I never paid any attention to dress, because diamonds and dress were sure to attract attention. My husband, on the other hand, loved to cover himself with jewels, and was well satisfied at my dislike of them, as it saved all disputes for the possession of them. On great days he used to make me rouge, which I did greatly against my will, as I hate every thing that incommodes me.—One day I made the Countess Soissons laugh heartily. She asked me why I never turned my head whenever I passed before a mirror—every body else did. I answered because I had too much self-love to bear the sight of my own ugliness. I must have been very ugly in my youth. I had no sort of features; with little twinkling eyes, a short snub nose, and long thick lips, the whole of my physiognomy was far from attractive. My face was large, with fat cheeks; and yet my figure was short and stumpy; in short, I was a very homely sort of person. Except for the goodness of my disposition no one would have endured me. It was impossible to discover any thing like intelligence in my eyes, except with a microscope. Perhaps there was not on the face of the earth such another pair of ugly hands as mine. The King often told me so, and set me laughing about it; for as I was quite sure of being very ugly, I made up my mind to be always the first to laugh at it. This succeeded very well, though I must confess it furnished me with a good stock of materials for laughter."











